Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in.
My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pray you
vvithin the house, your mistres is at hand,
and bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
but in his motion like an Angell sings,
still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
such harmonie is in immortall soules,
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay
dooth grosly close it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
vvith sweetest tutches pearce your mistres eare,
and draw her home with musique. *play Musique.*
Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.
Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentiue:
for doe but note a wild and wanton heard
or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loude,
vvhich is the hote condition of their blood,
if they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
you shall perceaue them make a mutuall stand,
their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
by the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet
did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
but musique for the time doth change his nature,
the man that hath no musique in himselfe,
nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,

the motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Terebus*:
let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
how farre that little candell throwes his beames,
so shines a good deede in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the cand
Por. So dooth the greater glory dim the lesse,
a substitute shines brightly as a King
vntill a King be by, and then his state
empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
into the maine of waters: musique harke.
Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house?
Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam?
Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
vvhen neither is attended: and I thinke
the Nightingale if she should sing by day
vvhen euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
no better a Musition then the Renne?
How many things by season, seasond are
to their right prayse, and true perfection:
Peace, how the moone sleepes with Endimion,
and would not be awak'd.
Loren. That is the voyce,
or I am much deceau'd of *Portia*.
Por. He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cucke
by the bad voyce?
Loren. Deere Lady welcome home?
Por. We haue bin praying for our husbands welfare,
vvhich speed we hope the better for our words:
are they return'd?
Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
but there is come a Messenger before
to signifie their comming?